

NEW EDGAR WALLACE NOVEL COMPLETE IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE!

THE THRILLER

THE NEW PAPER
with a THOUSAND
THRILLS

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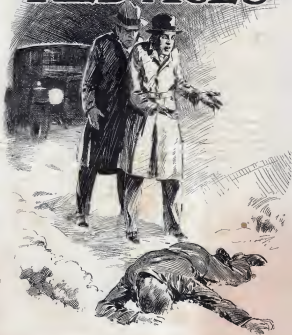
*Red
aces*

GRIPPING NEW
BOOK-LENGTH
STORY by

EDGAR WALLACE

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

RED ACES



"But come here, I can't leave!" "Hood!" "Don't speak, please!" "Mr. Bender was here—what have you trouble?" "Nothing!" "I only wanted myself!" "There you have trouble!" "And Mr. Bender, with natural modesty—" "Let me look!"

The work of his lamp traveled over the sleeping child.

"It is on your chest!" "It is!"

Mr. Bender looked. There was a red, round patch of something on Henry's chest. "This had better go on to the police station," said the doctor. "I will come and see you in the morning."

THE RED SPOTS

Mr. Bender climbed into the doctor's coat, gently, keeping some distance between himself and the sleeping child. The car was on a desk, and would start without trouble. He turned the wheel straight and took off the back. The machine climbed and shifted forward, and presently Mr. Bender, following in the track, heard the sound of the running vapor.

The lamp showed him the fatherhood in the field, and fifty yards beyond he came to a path so narrow that two men could not walk abreast. It was off from the road at right angles, and as they turned, progressing with great difficulty, for he had heavy work on his chest. It had to show a small patch of red on his right, and between two others below. The path was open, and the methodical was stopped to examine it, by the light of his lamp.

He expected to find blood, and found it, and a woman. He looked on the ground, but, then, the snow would have obliterated close. It had not obliterated the point of footprints going up the winding path. They were rather small, and he thought they were recently made. He kept his light upon them until they led him into the side of the road house with its narrow window and doorway. As he turned to see a light flash between curtains, he had a feeling that somebody was looking and he was in another moment the light had vanished. But there was something in the house.

The lampstepped up to the door. There he paused and looked. There was no person, and he looked again more boldly. The light went and the repetition striking about him. Mr. Bender, who had a secret sense of having been misled. In the middle of the day, his youth his favorite Christmas card, was one which showed a smiling Father Christmas kneeling at the door of a modest cottage. He walked toward a delighted Father Christmas, and the wisest of things slightly placed him.

He looked a third time and listened and, when no answer came, he stepped back and walked in the room where he had seen the light, and tried to peer between the curtains. He thought he had a second—a third—but it was not in the house. It may have been the wind. He looked again and listened, but the light was not repeated, and he returned to his confident courage.

There was no sign of a day. He came back to knock for the fourth time, then found the other side of the building, and here he made a discovery. A narrow window, deeply recessed, and made of iron, was opening in and out in the wind, and beneath the window was a double set of footprints, one coming and one going. They went away in the direction of the lane.

He went back, to the door, and stood looking with interest what steps he should take. He had seen in the darkness two small white squares at the top of the door, and had thought they were little pieces of torn paper stuck there as one man in the top of each door. But, probably to a point of view, one of these became detached and left at his feet. He stepped and picked it up. It was a playing-card—the ace of diamonds. He put his lamp on the ground, it was the set of hours. They had both apparently been fastened into by side in the door with probably pins. Perhaps the owner of the house had put them there. Possibly they had some significance indicated the features of memory.

In answer came in his hand, and Mr. Bender looked a deep sigh. He turned standing. He tried some opening through narrow window into darkness, and was surprised as there was probably somebody inside who would look. This feeling. If they were here, they would look. He found, once back, they were severely elaborated through the snow was filling heavily. Perhaps the house was empty, and the inside, where light he had seen, had got away while he was knocking at the door. He would not have heard him jump from the window, the snow was too soft. Unless that he had heard—

Mr. Bender gripped the sill and drew himself up, breathing heavily, though he was a man of considerable strength.

There were only two ways to go into the house, one was lost first, the other head, that. He made a reconnaissance with his lamp, and saw that beneath the window was a small table standing in a tiny room which had evidently been used as a cloak room, but there were a number of coats hanging on hooks. It was safe to go in head first, and he scrambled down on to the table, feeling extremely uneasy. He was in his foot on a shelf, gripped the handle of the door, pushed, and opened it. He was in a small hall, from which one room opened. He tried that, it was fast, and put out light. It was as though somebody were looking through it in the other side. A small patch of his shoulder, and it was open. Somebody tried to shut past him, but Mr. Bender was standing there, and never. He gripped the figure.

"I'm extremely sorry," he said, in his gentle voice. "It is a lady, can't you?"

He heard her heavy breathing, a little—

"Is there a light?" He stepped into the hall of the door, found a switch and turned it. Nothing happened for a second, and then the light came on suddenly. There was apparently a small light-bulb hanging at the back of the house which opened when any switch was turned.

"Come to know, will you, please?"

He glanced her eyes, partly into the room. Pretty, extraordinarily pretty. He did not remember ever having met a young lady who was quite so pretty as this pale-looking young lady, though she was very white and her hair was in disorder, and on her feet were moccasins, the suggestion of which he had already seen in the snow.

"What you are doing, please?"

He closed the door behind him.

"There's nothing to be afraid of. My name is Bender."

She had been wondering in that manner, and she looked on it with interest.

"I want to have talked at you!" She shivered. "I'm so frightened—I'm so frightened!"

And then she stepped over the table at which she sat, her feet landed on her faded shoes.



He peered into the house at dusk.

Mr. Bender looked round the room. It was extremely beautiful—and luxuriously so, but pleasantly. Besides a sitting-room, there was a small bedroom and bath, or had been dressed on the floor, there was an open air bedroom. The house was filled with broken china, glass and even the board itself was still laid in position of use and by some attachment to the mantelpiece. That and the other furniture before the fire, which was carefully cleaned. And there were other little evidences of disturbance on the surface of the carpet, and a flower-pot was knocked down near the door.

He saw a newspaper basket and turned over its contents. Cases of little books, apparently—these were the of them—but no contents. By the side of the fireplace was a small bookcase. The books were numerous. He picked one end of the row, and turning out, being trapped at the other end.

"What?" said Mr. Bender, and pushed the shelves back into their original position.

There was a step on the floor by the table, and he pushed this up. It was not. This he examined, thrust into his pocket, and turned his attention to the post.

"How long have you been here, Miss—?"

"I think you had better ask me your name."

She was looking up at him, he saw her wet her dry lip.

"Half an hour. I don't know—my way is long."

"Name—?" he asked again.

"Name—Margaret."

He turned her eyes thoughtfully.

"Margaret—yes. And you've been here half an hour."

"Yes, she has been here."

"Where?" she said, springing to her feet.

"What has happened?" She looked they light.

He put his hand on her shoulder gently and pushed her down into the chair.

"Did you light under?" asked Mr. Bender.

His English was always very good on these occasions.

"Nobody has been here!" she said twice repeatedly.

Mr. Bender passed the question—

"You came from—?"

"I came from Boston and Boston."

"I will have it if you ever come that way."

Mr. Bender's secretary.

small, branched back. There was another, indeed many. He poked his in the air, but they were merely the covers and nothing more.

"Blessed," said Mr. Bender gently. "You will observe that each one is deeper than the other."

"But how do you know they're deepest?" demanded the police officer harshly.

"Because the wind," Harry is planted on the single covers," said Mr. Bender, more gently than ever.

This proved to be the case, though the pointing had been mistaken. Mr. Bender had been overheard, for he had not even mentioned the two masses of heavy paper on the north, all that remained of Miss Gaylor.

"There is a rule for this well behind that backbone," he pointed. "It may or may not be full of them. I should imagine it is not. But I shouldn't touch it if I were you, sergeant," he said heavily, "but without gloves. These delicate fellows from Scotland Yard will be here eventually and they'll be over on ribs of their photographs a disappointed and find it as plain."

Gaylor of the Yard came in behind him. He had been brought out of his bed through a blinding excitement and along a road that was thoroughly safe.

The young lady had gone home. Mr. Bender was waiting anxiously before the door which he had made up, awaiting the slightest hint of waking.

"Is the lady home?"
Mr. Bender took his lead.
"Have they found that married policeman, Yurky?"

Again Mr. Bender regarded a corpse.
"They found his body. He was discovered on the Massachusetts Road. There were bloodstains on the ceiling."

"Bloodstains?" said the excited officer.
"Stains of blood," explained Mr. Bender. He was strong into the fire, the upper str. dropping sharply from his mouth, as he drew an air of settled satisfaction, as did not even have his head to address his companion Gaylor.

"The young lady has gone home, as I said. The local constabulary gave you particulars of the body, of course. She noted an anomaly in the late Mr. Wentland, and he appeared to have been very fond of her, since he has left his fortune as to befit him to the young lady and confined to his estate. There is no money to her home as far as can be ascertained, but he looks up the Street General Merch, Massachusetts Street." Bender finished on his point. "Here are the two men."

"The two what?" asked the puzzled policeman.

"The two men." Mr. Bender passed the photographs over his shoulder, he showed upon the fire. The one of dynamite, and I believe, the one of hearts. I am not very well acquainted with either."

"Where did you get them?"

The other explained, and he heard Gaylor's unrepentant shrill.

"Where then, a magazine story murder?" he asked contemptuously.

"I believe real magazine stories," said Mr. Bender, between frowns, "but your eyes were put up like the murder."

The detective examined the two pictures.

"Why are you so sure of that? Why shouldn't they have been put up before?"
"It's ground as his expression and, nothing out, took a pack of cards from a table table."

"Yes, well, but the two men looking from the park. You would have also found that two cards had been stuck together. Blood does that. Be disappointed. I should

imagine the cards were sorted over when the anxiety demand of Mr. Wentland, and the two gentlemen were arrested and exhibited."

The inspector made a very careful search of the bedchamber, and came back to find Mr. Bender watching himself to sleep.

"What did they do to the girl—those long fingers?" asked Gaylor curiously.

Bender's right shoulder came up as a long thing.

They escorted her to the station and took a railroad train. The inspector was kind enough to furnish me with a copy, you will find it in the file. They also examined her hands and her children, but it was only unnecessary. There is conclusive evidence that she arrived at Boston Road Station at twelve minutes past eight, as she says she did—the murder was committed at forty minutes past seven a few minutes before or after."

"How the diabolical do you know that?" asked the impatient officer. "Is there any proof?"

The Premier shook his head.

"A crime like this?" He sighed heavily. "You know, do you know, my dear inspector, that I have a systematic mind. I see the worst in people, and the worst in every human action. It is very strange. There are moments when

— He sighed again. "Forty minutes past seven, in real time. That is my systematic opinion. The clock will probably consider my view. The body lay face down in the hallway," said—will give a considerable time."

Gaylor was drawing two chairs within reach of himself. Suddenly he stopped.

"You're wrong," he said. "Look at this statement made at the station by Miss Lynn."

"I rang up my party from the station, telling him I ought to take because of the noisy road. He answered, 'Come to me



Silently, steadily, he crept to the door and gently lowered the photograph of his photo.



"The building is of concrete—like a pill-box—its windows heavily barred. The viewpoint of this fortification gives a hint of his life."

THE VEILED WOMAN

THE most accurate account of the death tragedy appeared in a late edition of the "Evening Post-Courier."

At some hour between eight and ten,

James Verdy, a member of the mounted branch of the Buckinghamshire Constabulary, and Henry Woodhead, an assistant, and, it is believed, a well known, were close to death as to in the vicinity of a lonely cottage in the neighborhood of Beaconsfield. At a quiet spot near Beaconsfield Verdy was patrolling the road and came upon a body which was afterwards identified as that of the late Mr. Woodford, who lived in a small cottage some hundred yards from the spot where the body was found. Mr. Woodhead had been heavily handicapped, and was dead when the discovery was made. Unhappily with the discovery there appeared upon the scene Mr. Walter Edward, a well known Beaconsfield amateur, and his clerk, who, at Mr. Woodhead's request, went on their way in great haste. As a Colonel Mr. Woodford retained nothing a well, though an enthusiastic was found on the house to support the supposition.

Learning Mr. Edward to watch the body, Constable Verdy rode toward Beaconsfield to ascertain someone. He was never seen alive after that moment. "The dead man's name, who she used to be recently, Mrs. Myrtle Long, had been mentioned from London, and she, arriving at the cottage a few minutes after the body had been taken away by the unknown murderer, discovered the plate on a dish, though she did not at that time suspect a tragedy.

"The inquiry was still further complicated in the early hours of the dawn, when a woman, on her way to work, discovered the dead body of Constable

Verdy on the Beaconsfield side of the lane where Mr. Woodhead's body was found. He had been shot through the heart at close range. No sound of the shot had been heard, but it may be explained that there are very few houses in the neighborhood, and there was nothing nearby. A notice on the employment of a neighboring farmer thought he had heard a shot fired much earlier on the evening, but this may be accounted for by the fact that there was nothing so thickly on the railway line, which is situated a mile away, that day except were being used.

"Chief Detective-Inspector Gaylor has been called in by the Buckinghamshire police, and he is being assisted by Mr. J. H. Fowler, of the Police Department's Department.

"The authorities, so far as can be ascertained, is as follows:

"1. Constable Verdy leaves police station on patrol.

"2. Constable Verdy discovers the dead body of Mr. Woodford.

"3. Mr. Edward and his clerk drive up by motorcar and are stopped by the constable, who takes into Beaconsfield for insurance.

"4. At 11 a.m. the body of Constable Verdy is found shot dead 120 yards north of where the body of Mr. Woodhead was found."

Mr. Kingsbury, the sub-manager of the Beaconsfield branch of the Great Central Bank, read this account, and was greatly agitated. He got in the bank very early that morning, for he had a letter to write, and his managerial office gave him the privacy he required. He was a serious man with intense looking spectacles on a pale, plump face. He had a little, black moustache, and his cheeks and chin were somewhat lined. He had what he called a "stuffy" head.

The newspaper arrived as he was writing. They were pushed under the closed outer door of the bank, and, being

at the moment stuck for the alternative to an often retrenched item of entertainment, he ran and brought the newspapers into the office, put a new coat on the fire, and sat down to glance through them. There were two papers, one damaged and one intact.

He read the latter first, and there was the murder in detail, though it had only covered the night before. The discovery of the constable's body was not so fully described, because it had not been the second word just before dawn.

He read and reread, his mind on a whirl, and then he took the telephone and called Mr. Edward. "What gentleman was there in his office that early morning, though the hour was right?

"Good-morning, Kingsbury. Yes, yes, it's true—I was perfectly a witness. They've killed the poor gentleman—dead—yes, murdered—yes, shot. I was the last person to speak to him. Dreadful—dreadful—dreadful! That poor gentleman—he—how that man looks on his—? and that man—? What's the matter with your place? He looks with your head? Really? (I) come very and tell, with you!

Mr. Kingsbury hung up the telephone and wiped his face with his handkerchief. It was a face that became moist on the least provocation. Presently he folded the newspaper and looked at his watchful letter. He was on the eighth page, and the last words he had written were:

"—and hardly live the day through without seeing your clerical face, my own—"

It was obvious that he was not trying to be general manager, or to a clerk who had murdered his assistant.

He called "beloved" mechanically, though he had said the word a dozen times before. Then he unfolded the paper and read of the murder again.

"A knock at the side door," he went out to admit Kenneth. The lawyer rose, went upstairs, returned, then went. Participation in public affairs has this effect, and a wire agency had telegraphed to ask whether they would send a photographer, and Mr. Westford, observing as the telephone in his apartment rang, "I've just had been photographed at the breakfasting at 7:30 a.m., posing a cup of tea and looking excessively grave. He would probably appear in one London and fifty newspaper above the capital." Lawyer who discussed his was about nine days.

"It is a terrible business," said Mr. Westford, throwing off his coat. "He looked like you? I'm in charge of affairs, they tell me, though I never know if it is possible about me? I don't know how to stand up to the world here?"

Mr. Westford continued: "I'll get the letter from the city," he said. He looked the entire history of his death because his letter to the London was there and other photographs, but Mr. Westford was nothing effective in the act of writing, rather was a considerable.

There is an account. Westford told the law judge on the desk and opened it there his hand marked a page. "Gosh, those thousand little marked points."

Mr. Westford had his glasses and looked. "How is anything on paper? I never see—no? I don't see anything in the book?" "Never," said Westford. He had the account to pay him. When he wanted really money to get a better change and I wanted him the money. He has, of course, and people have to take change."

First, he noticed some considerable two days ago. Mr. Westford pointed to the desk.

"It is strange that you should point that out—it was paid over the counter four days ago. I didn't see any person who asked for it—I was out. My clerk, Mr. King, asked the change. It is a book?"

There was a quiet tapping at the door. Mr. Westford went out at the door and came back with the letter. "How do you like it?" said J. O. Westford. He was angry and angry. A letter had shown him something like "I don't know." "The account of the late Mr. Westford?" He nodded in the book. "It was actually known that J. O. Westford was for the United States Bank, and the manager did not question his title to ask you?" Mr. Westford was not so sure.

"It is rather a serious matter, Mr. Westford," he said, unconsciously grave. "I was not so sure that we can take you into our confidence."

"When I am better see the police and ask them if they are prepared to take you into their confidence?" said Mr. Westford, with a sudden gravity which made the lawyer tremble.

Then came the manager explained the account.

"An hundred pounds—ten?" Mr. Westford looked. "A large sum. Who was the donor?"

"My clerk, Mr. King, said it was a lady—lovely called."

Westford stared at him.

Your clerk, Mr. King? Of course—a few years ago. How stupid of me! Kenneth—or is it Mr. Westford, is it? What? Heavily called lady. Have you the number of the house?"

Westford was taken aback by the question. He searched for a book that told the address, and Mr. Westford said there down—as they took, under the book and the door was immediately.

"Where does your clerk reside?"

Westford was prepared to arrive by night, as a rule he was late. He was late that morning.

Mr. Westford saw the young man through a window at the manager's place, and thought that he did not look well. His eyes were red, he had showed himself excitedly, for the little book—a strip of writing paper. Perhaps that accounted for the scene on the road and of his start, thought Mr. Westford, when he confronted the young man.

"No, I will see him alone," said Westford. "He is rather an honest man," warned Mr. Westford.

"I have heard him," said Mr. Westford. When Kenneth came in. "Close the door, please, and set down. You know me, my boy?"

"Yes, sir," said Kenneth. "That is blood, on your shirt tail, isn't it? The poor child, did you? You haven't been home all night?"

Westford did not answer at once.

"No, sir—I haven't changed my shirt, if that is what you mean."

Mr. Westford looked. "Really?"

He found the young man with a long, searching glance.

"Why did you go to the house of the late Mr. Westford last night between the hours of eight and nine?"

He said the boy go directly white.

"I didn't know he was dead—I didn't see him last night until this morning. I was there because—I was looking around enough to see a somebody—before they close London and close with the house."

"The young lady, Miss Lynn. You're so late with her? Miss Lynn, perhaps?"

"I am here with her—I am engaged to her. We are no longer—friends," said Westford in a low voice. "The lady you had been there, I suggest? And then, as a lady, look at him." "Do you find my eye?" I had my hand in it."

Mr. Westford looked.

"The case closed on the same night as the late Lynn's death. Then you will be able to prove that you left, before the death?"

"No, I don't," said Westford. "I stayed out of the town on the day. Naturally."

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I didn't want her to see me. I got out through the back window. This was really about—it was really about."

"I am surprised," Mr. Westford passed his lips. "You thought there was some sort of friendship between Mr. Westford and the young lady?"

Westford made a gesture of despair.

"I don't know what I thought—I was just a justice!"

A very long silence, broken by a small falling from the fire on to the main bottom of the house.

"The past was a hundred pounds the other day on a lady in Mr. Westford's charge?"

"I didn't know that Westford was—"

Westford looked. "He's Mr. Westford looked at the support of the situation. "It is a great lady. She came by car. It was a large sum of money, but the day before Mr. Westford had told me to leave any charge of Mr. Westford, no matter to whom the money was paid."

"Will you tell me something about your support with the young lady?" Mr. Westford asked. "It is, I think, a delicate subject."

Westford looked, then told his story as he had told it to Mr. Westford.

"Miss Lynn called on you that night—did she ask you to destroy the photograph you had taken?"

"The young man was surprised at this story."

"No, I had forgotten all about the photograph till the other day. I must have met the man on the day before you told him to send them. I'm not sure what happened to them. Would the picture of Mr. Westford be any good to you?"

"I don't think it is good. He was very late with me. He was, it seemed, the matter with the world to satisfy. Before he left he saw the photograph alone."

"Did you tell Mr. Westford that he was to leave any charge of Mr. Westford's as matter to whom money was paid?"

"The matter came naturally."

"Of course not." Naturally I should expect him to be sure that the person



who permitted the shoppe had authority. And another means, thing which I have not mentioned. I look at the coin again, and I usually have a card in the window, where I can see these persons. And I have an impression of my car drawing up to the house.

"It was" was all that Mr. Bender said.

He made a few inquiries in Westchester and the neighborhood, and went on to Wentworth's house, where Gayler had arranged to meet him. The inspector was paying up and down the narrow terrace before the house, and he was in very good luck.

"I think I've got the man," he said. "Do you know anything about McKay?" Mr. Bender looked at him sharply. "I have a guess," he said.

"Come inside and I'll show you something."

Gayler followed him into the room. The carpet had been taken up, the furniture moved. Evidently a very thorough search had been in progress. Gayler swung back the cushion, the seat came away.

"We got legs from the make-up shop work," they were down how by night-early."

He stopped down and pulled out three bundles. The first was made up of bits, the second of small change, the third was a thick bundle of French banknotes such as a thick value of 1,000 francs.

"That is roughly No. 1," began the detective, brandishing the money. "French money."

"I am afraid I don't recognize it," said Mr. Bender apologetically. "You see, I've been examining the gentleman's bank book. By the way, here are the numbers of notes drawn from Mr. Wentworth's account." He handed over a slip of paper. "See thousand pounds in a lot of money," said Gayler. "I'll phrase them through. Well, what else did you find in the bank book?"

"I checked," said Mr. Bender, "though I did not comprehend the fact that all the money was paid in was in French banknotes. Roughly two thousand."

The inspector extracted a sheet of headed paper from one bag. Written on green ink was what was evidently a memorandum from somebody who signed himself "D. B. Hartford."

"I have found that the man who is supplying a private detective to find you is George McKay, of South House, Marlborough. I don't know what his intentions are, but they're not pleasant. There is nothing to worry about, he is employing one of the most incompetent private detectives in the business."

"Extraordinary!" said Mr. Bender, and coughed.

"The first thing to do is to find Hartford," began Gayler.

"It is in London," Mr. Bender interrupted. "At the time that letter was written his office address was 277, Lambeth Palace. He has been transferred, and left the country hurriedly."

"How do you know?" asked Gayler, attentively.

"Because I am—one of the distinguished private detectives engaged to find Mr. Gayler, and, as he called himself, Mr. Wentworth. And I did not find him," said Mr. Bender.

"Why did McKay work to find this man?"

"He owed him money. I know no more than that. The search led to him—was Mr. George McKay owed no money. One has to pay."

"They you know about Westford?"

Mr. Bender took counsel with himself.

"I cannot," I recognized him that night. I was looking at a photograph of him. I thought it was very odd. I should have known it was in Marlborough and made inquiries. He McKay—Mr. George McKay did not have his house last night, and at the moment the matter was complicated was continuing the same—time to change."

Gayler coughed at him.

"You're a fellow," he said, and Mr. Bender smiled bitterly.

"I'm going to have them developed." He held up a little film park. "I found them in the old man's bed-room. I don't suppose they'll tell us anything."

"I fancy they will be very instructive," said Mr. Bender, "especially if you are interested in natural history. There will also be a picture of Mr. Wentworth, or, I suppose, his own about the character of his nose."

Gayler sat down.

"Are you taking my leg?" he demanded.

"Never feared," answered Mr. Bender proudly.

Gayler got up and stood openly before him.

"What do you know about these windows, Bender?" he demanded.

Mr. Bender spread his hands wide. His glasses, not rolled, slipped a little further down his nose, he was not a very imposing figure.

"I am a quiet man, Mr. Gayler. I am content, as you are aware, with a perfectly well paid. I am also intensely interested in other things. I am content about even such as this. I have perhaps the most perfect in London, and that is in the way. It would be well to give you my theories. The idea on the picture was a house, that is interesting. And Henry Jones—Mr. Hartford's about the kind of his own, though he did not go near the body of the late Mr. Wentworth, that is interesting. Poor Henry is suffering from a nervous chill, and is in bed, but his notions are admirable and his handwriting, even, possessed me to see him. And the two were passed to the door, all very, very interesting indeed! Mr. Gayler, if you will permit me to introduce old George McKay I will willingly tell you who connected these matters."

"The girl told you something—the girl says?"

"The girl has told me nothing. She also says to say to you. I propose spending a night or two in her room—no, I hope, without a change."

Gayler looked at him, amazed. Mr. Bender was thinking.

WEDDING WENTWORTH



As the last page of the letter which Mr. George McKay had been with each one in the early part of the morning was extremely difficult to compare. It had become necessary to my own things. It was vital that he should not put his communications into writing.

In desperation he decided to make a break with justice. He would go to town. It was impossible to leave before the bank closed, but he could go immediately afterwards. There was a very good reason why he should have kept him on the bank grounds, and he, and some private work of various importance, that should have occupied him until midnight. When the

bank closed he looked over the key of the safe to himself.

"I've been called to town. Before the bank and put them in the safe. I'll be back by six, I'll like you to keep the key."

Kenneth McKay did not remove the correspondence immediately. He also wanted to see the key.

"Well, you can't," said the other sharply. "The bank inspectors will be in tomorrow to check the Westford account. It will probably be evidence."

Mr. Knapthorpe got out his little car and drove to London. He parked his machine in Bloomsbury square and made his way on foot to a big house in Grosvenor Street. The chamber man who took him up presented a card.

"The young lady is in," he said.

The "young lady" herself opened the door to her maid.

"Back which last?" she said in surprise, and started back to let him in. She was dressed in an old kimono, and did not look so attractive as usual.

"In another half-hour I'll have been out, she said. "I don't get up till after work. These late nights are really long."

She led the way to a sitting-room that was large and elegant enough. It was a large room, the door covered with a patterned carpet that had been out of fashion, and was now covered with a new one. Before the fire was a big chair, and on the table stood two vases. The furniture and appointments of the room were of that style which is beloved to be Oriental by quite a large number of people. The whole room was half-way in the modern. It had a table, a settee, and a chair. In the center, a chandelier looked down with soft light, a Persian rug spread its patterned feet to cover the new carpet, and the room was ready again.

"Well, my dear, what brings you up to town?" I told you to watch a few hours' sleep—now about you looked like a boiled egg, and that's not the state to be in when you're thinking money."

She was dark and good-looking by serious standards. Her figure was robust, and nature had given generously to the simple features of her visible charms. The red of her full lips was a natural red, the other also was of the best nature, her face was calmly pondered.

For a very long time they talked, head to head. She was an excellent listener, her sympathy had a never-ending. All half-past five.

"Now, all you say, and don't worry. The greatest will be strong you thought—back it over with him. I think you'd better, in case anything comes up—just know what I mean."

He took a letter out of his pocket and gave it to her with an air of confidence.

"I wrote it as rather shortly, it is, I think—I couldn't finish it. I mean every word I say."

She looked him kindly.

"You're a darling," she said.

Mr. Knapthorpe came back to his office to find only a paper in change. Kenneth McKay, despite instructions to the contrary, had gone, and the sub-manager and down to a rough examination of important letters on an envelope in the pocket in his hand. It presented one of these documents, my thoughts that gather momentum from its own weight. A little guidance and a long breathing brought him to a conclusion of absolute and overwhelming fury.

He was in this state when Kenneth McKay returned.

"I asked you to stop it, didn't I?" He glowered at her schemer.

"But you?" Well, I stayed in until I landed my work. Then the bank stopped me."

Mr. Daughtrie's face went white.

"What—why did you? Because I didn't tell me to quit?"

"Well, he did." Kenneth passed into the outer office.

Daughtrie and everything with him on his backstopped for a minute, and then in the next time saw the letter that had been placed on the mantelpiece. It was marked "Urgent. Confidential. Deliver by hand," and was from Kenneth's office.

He took it up with a shaking hand, and, after a long hesitation, tore the seal. There was a little moment on the wall when the Daughtrie, and his roughy night at his feet, and could hardly believe that that plant of a man was he.

There was no need to read the letter twice though. Already he knew every word, every comma. He stood looking at his secretary, and then went into the outer office. He found Kenneth waiting, some general instructions from his desk.

"I suppose the computer came about the 'Wentworth' change?" he said.

The penny was tucked under his arm.

"Wentworth change? I don't know what you're talking about. You don't mean the change I wanted for the money?"

It stopped up effort on the secretary's part to follow him.

"What was wrong with it?"

"It was French, that's all."

"French?" Kenneth frowned at him.

"Yes. Didn't the computer say anything?"

He left a letter for me, didn't he?"

Kenneth shook his head.

No. He was surprised to find that you weren't here. I told her you had gone up to the bank office. I'm getting a lot out of trying about you. What is the job about this change?"

Again it required a painful effort on the secretary's part to speak.

It was hoped. Then he is expected to head off to another man's—some of the bank under him has turned to you—the change you want of your other hand.

It was not, yet he felt no relief.

McKay was looking at him open mouthed.

Was there the change that was changed by that woman?

The word "woman" startled Mr. Daughtrie.

"A lady was supposed to have called—a social lady?"

"What do you mean by 'supposed'?" he asked Kenneth. "You say that the letter was traced to me—I mean them as that which you mean?"

You have them—some of them—in your private possession, that's all."

Indignantly in Kenneth's face.

"I've none, I state that."

Daughtrie had reached the head of circulation.

"Then the hell do I know what you did?" he almost shouted. "What else have you got to say that some of the notes you put over the counter have been traced through a money-lender named Simon to you?"

The penny man's face changed suddenly. Simon—oh! It was all that he said. A moment later he went blundering out to the city clock, leaving Mr. Daughtrie to continue his restless scribblings on his backstopped.

Kenneth reached Marlow just before the dinner-hour, and he came into the study where old George McKay was usually to be found, working on his eternal confessions.

of cards and figures. The Kenneth's moment, his father greeted him with a smile, instead of the stern, his table was covered with packages of documents and the personal man's correspondence.

"Hello, son—no to bad, a stroke of luck. The arbitrators have decided in my favor. I know fully well I hadn't parted with my rights at the dining parson when I sold out, and the company has to pay them on a hundred thousand back repetition."

Kenneth knew of this struggle between his father and his late company that had gone on through the years, but had never put very much attention to it.

"That means a steady income for years, and the time I'm going to look after things here."

He pointed to the game. The Daughtrie was that with half-hearted playing cards.

"They're asked me to resign the board at once. What is the matter, George?"

Kenneth was sitting on the opposite side of the table, and his father had seen his face.

Really he told his story, and George McKay looked without comment until he had finished.

"Well, what? He is going to be a damn to me to the end of my days?"

Kenneth passed his moment.

"Did you know him?"

Old George nodded.

"I know him all right," he said.

"He's a damn good fellow."

"He's a damn good fellow."

"He's a damn good fellow."

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"He's a damn good fellow."

about my borrowing money. And when I found about the letter being traced under you would have hunted me out."

"What then say better?"

"None. You were 'from a friend.'"

"What know about your being in debt?" the man came instantly to Kenneth's mind.

"You told your Marlow, did you?—What Marlow's name? His real name was Lyons, by the way. Would she have kept it?"

"It was not she who drew the money, and though she was asked I could recognize her again if I met her. Daughtrie's line is that no woman came, in his supposition that the change was asked by me. He even says that the change was not of a bank check, I keep in my drawer for the use of customers who come to the bank without their cheques."

George McKay looked at him then, his keen eyes on his son.

"If you were in any kind of trouble you'd tell me the truth, old boy, wouldn't you? All this money has come through me. You're telling me the truth now, aren't you?"

"Yes, father."

The older man smiled. "But the other man would. He knows the proceeds of what? Are you a thief?" without leaving his hands parted. And most young people do stupid things and most old people, too."



Lordy! I once carried a quarter of a million bank of America! Nobody would believe that, but it's true. Come and get and then go along and see your Margie!"

"Father, who killed that man Westland?"

"There was a reliable in McGay's shop when he was shot."

"—J. G. Harder, I should think. He knows more about it than any honest man should know?"



RECOVER—THE REVUE

When her mother was gone, Elin opened the life-size portrait of her father, and a few lines of it, and three letters and envelopes into the box. Then she closed the box.

There all were the same sort of stuff—the stuff dressed up in many different faces all other men. She did not read them every types of people, but did she feel sorry for some who said there. They were just normal experiences. She sat clasping her hands, her eyes alternately on the life and the doorway. Then she got up, dressed quickly, and, going into Gower Street, found a cab.

She was set down at a house at a fashionable Mayfair street, and a locked front door.

admitted her and told her there was company. There usually was in the early morning. She found twenty men and women sitting round a green table, waiting a stranger with a large green check over his eyes. He was wearing up words in two rows, and his margin, which in comparison marked on the green table, went into the stranger's cell as was pushed, with additions, to the left-hand window.

The same crowd, she noted. One pretty girl looked up and smiled, then turned her eyes quickly and respectfully to the young man by her side.

She found the governor in his room. He was smoking alone and reading the evening newspaper when she came in.

"Mind the door," he ordered. "What is wrong?"

"Nothing much. Only 'Foxham' is a bit unusual." She told him why.

Mr. Marchmont smiled.

"Don't you worry, my pet," he said kindly. "There has been a murder down his way. But he told me anything about

that? You just been reading about it. I should be surprised if old Marchmont didn't get to the bottom of it. Cheer follow, Elin!"

He pulled up his newspaper from the floor and his eyes from the doorway when he had had it.

"Better a misfortune, wasn't it, Elin? Father's justice" on that occasion Westland?"



"Don't worry—I beg of you?" There was a gas in Elin's right hand, the marble directed at the stranger, in his left he held the same red card.

"If asked you to stay in, didn't I?" He glowered at his subordinate.

"But you?" Well, I stayed in until I finished my work. Then, the best inspector came."

Mr. Knapthorn's face went white.

"What—that did he want?" Because didn't tell me to submit?"

Well, he did." Knapthorn pined into the outer office.

Knapthorn sat scribbling idly on his blottingsheet for a minute, and then for the first time saw the letter that had been placed on the mantelpiece. It was marked "Typical. Thanked—Mr. Harvey by hand," and was from local office.

He took it up with a shaking hand, and with a long-sighing note (was the one). There was a little note on the wall above the fireplace, and the night night of his last, and could hardly believe that that ghost of a man was in.

There was no need to read the letter twice through. Already he knew every word, every comma. He stood looking at the envelope, and then went into the outer office. He found Knapthorn sitting, some personal photographs from his desk.

"I suppose the inspector came about the Western cheque?" he said.

The young man looked round at him. "Western cheque?" I don't know what you're talking about. You don't mean the cheque I asked for the money?"

I repeated an effort on the manager's part to affirm this.

"What was wrong with it?"

"It was forged, that's all."

"Forged?" Knapthorn frowned at him. "You didn't the manager say anything?"

He left a letter for me, didn't he?" Knapthorn shook his head.

"No. He was surprised to find that you weren't here. I told him you had gone up to the head office. You giving a lot out of lying about you. What is the state about this cheque?"

Again it required a painful effort on the manager's part to speak.

He was obliged. You're to report to head office to mention meetings—many of the bank notes have been found to you—the cheque was sent at your office head."

It was not, yet he felt no relief.

Malley was looking at him open-mouthed.

You mean the cheque that was changed by that woman?"

The word "woman" startled Mr. Knapthorn.

"A lady was supposed to have called—replied help."

"What do you mean by 'supposed'?" he demanded Knapthorn. "You say that the notes were turned to you—I would think—in that what you mean?"

You have thousands of these—in your private possession, don't you?"

Knapthorn's face turned pale.

"I have thousands of them?"

"You mean I stole them?"

Knapthorn had reached the limit of confusion.

"How the hell do I know what you did?" he almost shouted. "Head office have written to say that some of the notes you put from the counter have been traced through a newspaper named Street to you."

The young man's face changed suddenly. "Street—what?" was all that he said. A minute later he was blundering out of the room door, leaving Mr. Knapthorn to continue his anxious scribbles on his blottingsheet.

Knapthorn reached Malley just before the door opened, and he came into the study where old George Malley was usually to be found, working out his eternal calculations

of cards and figures. To Knapthorn's amazement, his father greeted him with a smile. Instead of the usual, his table was covered with packages of documents and the paraphernalia of correspondence.

"Hello, son—we've had a stroke of luck. The authorities have decided in my favor. I have only now I didn't permit with my opinion of the dying process when I said out, and the company has to pay about a hundred thousand last payment."

Knapthorn knew of this struggle between his father and the law concerning that great sum through the papers, but had never paid very much attention to it.

"That means a steady income for years, and this time I'm going to look after things—here?"

He pointed to the desk. The document was filled with half-bound playing cards.

"They've asked me to sign the board as chairman. What is the matter, honey?"

Knapthorn was sitting on the opposite side of the table, and his father had seen the law.

Really he told his story, and George Malley listened without comment until he had finished.

"Finished, eh? He is going to be a man to me to the end of my days."

Knapthorn gripped his manuscript.

"Did you know him?"

Old George nodded. "Did George nod?"

"I know him all right?" he said.

"Really?" Knapthorn was here this morning.

"About me?" asked the other quietly.

"About me?" said his father. "I rather gathered that he reported me of the Malley."

Knapthorn came to his feet, hesitated.

"Yes?" But how could? Why should you—"

Mr. Malley smiled kindly.

"There was quite a good reason why I should murder him."

He said calmly, "such a good reason that I have kept everything the police and the authorities."

And then, abruptly, he changed the subject.

"Tell me about these banknotes. Of course, I know that you had borrowed the money from Street."

Old boy. I was a little old fellow to let you do it. How did the money come to you?"

Knapthorn's story was a surprising one.

"I had it a couple of days ago," he said.

"I cannot draw a hundred and twenty a letter. It was not supposed and the address was hand printed. I opened it, never dreaming what it contained. Just then I was terribly rattled over Street. I thought I had often asked you to know

about my borrowing money. And when I found inside the letter twenty thousand notes you could have handed me out."

"How then my letter?"

"Sign. Not even from a friend?"

"Who knew about your being in debt?"

One name came naturally to Knapthorn's mind.

"You told your daughter, did you?—Frankie's sister? How can you be so light, by the way. Would she have said it?"

It was not she who drew the money, and though she was told I could repay her the sum of it last day. Knapthorn's face was white as a woman's, for he was saying that the cheque was stolen by me. He even said that the cheque was out of a book which I keep in my drawer for the use of customers who come to the bank without their chequesbooks."

George Malley laughed. His wife, he knew as he said.

"If you were on my list of people you'd tell me the truth, old boy, wouldn't you?" All this money has come through my finger's talking me the truth now, won't you?"

"Yes, father."

The old man smiled.

"Before here the privilege of asking 'Am you a thief?' without having their heads pointed. I and your young people do stupid things—and most old people, too."

"Yes, father."

The old man smiled.

"Before here the privilege of asking 'Am you a thief?' without having their heads pointed. I and your young people do stupid things—and most old people, too."

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"Yes, father."

The old man smiled.



Both were officially abroad, the foreign country being that stretch of absolute nothingness that lies between Amsterdam and Tientsin. Here, in the green country and establishment of Providence, they beheld for the good of their souls, but with little profit, in the landscape who appeared there and so on expelled them with lightning.

"Why expelled the one?" But what, she's an expensive kind of girl, E., and Macfield had very economy. "She costs a lot of money to dress, and you'd have to find it, from somewhere. Five hundred a year doesn't go for much a girl who keeps her dress in Paris."

Knightley struck up and down the apartment, his hands in his pockets, his head on his chest, a look of gloom as a fine nerve twitched with brightness.

"I refuse that," he said, "but if she loved me she'd help to make both ends meet. I've got to get out this business of the family I've had a tough, and I can't take the risk upon, in fact, I thought of leaving the bank and setting up a general agency in London."

Mr. Macfield knew what a general agency was when it was run by a semi-provincial man. He said to which agency was it? "No," he said, "I don't know, but I'll investigate his work, for the matter of that, Knightley gave him little opportunity for comment."

"There is going to be left a few months about that agency," he said. "I had a letter from him a while. I have to report to the general manager in the morning and take McKay with me. That is the worst news."

Such details were distasteful to Mr. Macfield. He worked all the spare time in his mind for other matters much more worthy than the expense of the Green Central Bank, but he was more than interested in the fate of McKay.

Knightley came back on his business. He filed his papers.

"The last time I was out here," he said, "I knew she was the one woman in the world for me. I knew she had a tough time and that she'd had a little to do with who she'd to help."

"We missed," murmured Mr. Macfield, with considerable truth. And then, perceiving his thoughts, "What will happen to the woman McKay?"

"Only for a second did the manager look uncomfortable."

"It is not up concern," he said loudly. "There is no doubt at all that the signature on the cheque—"

"Oh, yes, yes," and the other comforted. "We don't want to discuss that, do we? I mean, not between friends. You paid me the money you owe me and there was no end to it so far as I am concerned. I took a bit of a risk myself, sending you down money, telling you go," he corrected when he saw the look on the other's face. "What about paying McKay?"

The manager shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know and I really don't care. When I got back to the bank that afternoon I'd gone, though I'd left instructions that he was to stay until I returned. Of course, I can't report it because I did wrong to go away myself, and it was rather awkward then one of our bank inspectors called when I was out. I said he'd to work all night to make up money. McKay might have helped me. In fact, I had."

"Oh, he came back, did he?"
"For five minutes, just before six o'clock. He just looked in and went out again. That is how I know the inspector had called. I had to tell this man about the cheque and the banknote. By the way, that is

a mystery to me how the money came out his hands at all. I suppose there is an affidavit about that?" But he was in the habit of coming here he might have got them from the table. He doesn't want here, does he?"

"Not often." Mr. Macfield might have added that nobody came to that place where they had a certain amount of capital money or the money by which any money could be acquired.

There were quite a number of his clients who were in almost exactly the same position, as Mr. Knightley—people in positions of trust, men who held the leadership of other people's money. It was no business of Macfield's how that money was obtained, as long as it was judiciously spent. It was his belief that his place was straight, as ordered at once-up to a point. He had allowed himself throughout his career, however, a delicacy, which covered both his back and his conscience. Taken on his life he had gone out for big things. Once he had failed, the other time he had succeeded but had made no money.

He was not patient again in all the countries of the world. If he had arrived at Monte Carlo he would have left by very early the next train, or else the evening train would have placed a mortgage on his disposal to take him across to Nice, a result which isn't as particular as to the character of his temporary visitors.

"I'm sorry the McKay is a way, although he is such an impossible man, but it's a case of his life or mine, Macfield. Either he goes down or I go down—and I'm not going down."

Knightley worried Mr. Macfield more than himself. And yet he should have been hardened to them, for he had lived in an atmosphere of broken dreams, and more than once a vision of his young child by his own hand across the green board of his gaming table. But it was years ago.

"You'd better stick back to the room," he said. "I'll come in a little later. That's

play high. I've still got some of your papers, don't you?"
When he returned to the room, the manager had found a note on the table and was staring at it with some interest. The envelope asked a question with a look of his eyes, and almost imperceptibly Macfield about his head, which meant that that night, at any rate, Knightley must pay his losses in cash, that another his K.O.'s are always would be accepted.

From time to time the players got up from the tables, shuffled into the lobby, had a drink and departed. But there was always a steady stream of persons in to take their places. Mr. Macfield was back to his study, for he was expecting a telephone message. It came at a quarter past ten. A woman's voice said: "This says everything is O.K."

He hung up the telephone with a snarl. That was a nice lot. You could always trust that girl, and he did not question her ability to keep her master occupied for all hours of the night. After that he would do a little quiet thinking hard. But it must be so, and so it was that other fact.

There was an age of anxiety. He had spent weeks, looked at every street corner approaching the house, and a note on the road had brought him to a height of men and about the table and treatment these agents in case of danger. If there was a road he was prepared for it. More likely the police,



"The note at Five Street police station gave an telephone," said Mr. Macfield.



They took away the two guns he carried—one in each hip pocket.

fortnight after the performance Lamontagne regretted that everything was in vain, that he had secured the acquaintance of his controller, and it was decided that the crew should be brought off on the Friday night.

It was arranged that Lyons should be the player, that after play was finished the conspirators should meet again at Lyons, where the boat was to be started.

The crew were to be checked as they took boat every third coup. It was arranged that the agent for the conspirators to begin their betting was to be the dealer of two aces, the two of diamonds and the ace of hearts. Somebody would drive a car to there, and the boat would have a "general stop," which means, I understand, that it would win.

Thereafter the betting was to be done by Lyons, and the first was a house advantage which meant, as the reader may see, that the boat would be kept into their pockets. They knew Mr. McRee would bid for the boat, but they would bid higher, and Lyons then took the boat with a capital of a million francs. Fourteen times the boat was, and had one rounder success proportion, as much as that the table where the high play was going on, was surrounded by curious watchers.

There were fourteen winning coups for the bank, and the amount gathered up at the bank by Lyons was something in the neighborhood of \$300,000. Lamontagne wrote then it was over, but Macfield, as explained that it was in that region. The money was taken to the boat, and the following night Lyons left for Lyons. He was to be paid the next day by Macfield, and on the Sunday they were to meet the conspirator in Paris and pay him his share.

The night that Lyons left, however, one of the officials of the house made a statement to his chief. He had not his money and he betrayed his controller. Lamontagne, with the other conspirator, was re-

puted as a charge of conspiracy, and Macfield only got away from the South of France by the skin of his teeth. He proceeded on to Lyons and secured there in the early hours of the following afternoon. He found that no sign of the money would have got into the papers and would be parties, and certainly he did not see anything. Lyons. When he got to the hotel he called for the friend, but was told that he had not arrived, and that he made reservation of the money which had been agreed upon.

From that moment he disappeared from human ken, and neither Macfield nor any of his friends were able to trace him. It was no wonder, it was a deliberate double-cross. Macfield played the game as far as he was able, and when Lamontagne was released from prison and came to Paris, a looking over, for his young wife had died while he was in jail, he helped the conspirator as well as he could, and together they came to England to establish gaming houses, but apparently to find Lyons and take him to England.

There was another person on the bank of Lyons, McRee, who had been released, as he knew after the French court proceedings, employed as in time past, but for certain reasons I was unable to justify his conduct.

I do not know in what year or month Lamontagne and Macfield located their man. It is certain that "Mr. Weather," as he called himself, lived in the immediate fear of their vengeance. When they did locate him he proved to be an irresponsible man to make it. I have no doubt that the house was carefully reconstructed, his letters checked, and that attempts were made to get at him. But these attempts failed. It is highly probable, though no proof of the matter, that he was well informed as to the money's movements, but as far as can be gathered from the statement of his close,

and checked by the authorities of Macfield, Lyons never left his house except on the days when Macfield and Lamontagne were in Paris—they frequently went to their city over the weekend.

It was Lamontagne who formed the double-cross plan which was eventually to lead to Weather's death. He knew that the only man connected to the house was the successful businessman who purchased that part of the country, and he obtained police permits, even put a lieutenant as to the house at which the boat was protected,

and on the night of the murder, once after it was done, he traveled down to Lamontagne by way through the storm, accompanied by Macfield.

Lamontagne at some time or other had been in the French stage—his spoken partner Macfield—and I have no doubt was in a position to make himself as comfortably well as desired Weather into opening the door. At some point Macfield's party left the station and proceeded on his patrol. At approximately he was suddenly surrounded by a man who slipped out of his concealment and shot him point-blank through the heart.

The body was taken into a field and left out, the two conspirators leaving that the crew would never find Lamontagne was already warning the makers of a police investigation, and, according to the law, to take on to Weather's house. The old man was taken through the window, and, apparently, nothing, put down and opened the door.

He may not have realized that anything was wrong until he was back in his prison, for it was there that he was struck down. His two men retained having been in the cottage, but a completion was what they were searching the place, or, discovering to open the safe behind the bookcase. The telephone rang, and they heard MacRee. Lyons saw that she was coming on, but was delayed. One of them answered as a distressed voice.

The thing to do now was to remove the body. Lifting it up, they laid it over the house's middle, and, pushing the narrow signal down to the road, let it towards Macfield. There a second complication arose: the light of the house's but were seen coming toward them. The body was stopped by the side of the road, and the conspirator took the place on the house's back. The second man continued with the blood of the murderer and the shock of Mr. Weather, the lawyer, taking the body again immediately and have raised his finger that the body, but it was afterwards discovered that his mind was changed. That gave me my first clue, and I was able, using my positive mind, to reconstruct the crime as it had been committed. The withdrawal of the red eyes to the door at Weather's cottage—a note set of branches—was also a very valuable clue.

The two men passed one another again in the vicinity of the cottage. They were able to make no further progress that night. One of them, however, heard that the post knew where the money was hidden. I am

of and I was responsible for this, and it was intended that she should be taken away with the key of the safe deposit.

Blackfield was already acquainted with Kenneth McKay, the son of the victim of the anti-burgling episode at New. He also knew Mr. Blackfield's own collection of his electrical experiments. Probably he was at the office, George McKay, whom he must have known was still hunting for him. Blackfield used an opportunity which was offered by chance, to take him, to be followed.

Two hundred pounds, representing a portion of the money obtained from the bank by a fraudulent manager (3 years past service, Central Criminal Court), through the authenticity of his woman friend (3 years F.S., C.C.C.), was sent

secretly to the younger McKay by Blackfield, and was found to the young man.

After this was a note also in Mr. Reader's hand.

Editor John Blackfield and Arthur Blackfield, Criminals' Club, C.C.C.

received at Windworth Police April 19th. Inspector, Ellis.

Mr. Reader with a similar for the

1. Another gripping account of the famous 4-20 London robbery. It shows a practical detective character, the story will read (see page 19.)



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